

Sev'ral Dayz

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Summary: Several days of Sev'ral Timez in several ways.

Sev'ral Dayz

Summer was a wonderful time with so many new things to discover every day. This day was the same, as five very identical, yet different blonde young men, in white trudged through the woods, staring at everything with new wide eyes. They stayed in a line, nice and neat, moving with slight caution. At the head was Gregg C. With his hair slicked back and spiked, and wearing a long-sleeved shirt. While at the back was Leggy P. in his own tank top and a pink belt with a gold buckle, and his own style of slicked back hair. All five of the boys had these personal touches to difference themselves from their bothers. Chubby Z. was even allowed facial hair. He was the second in line and the first to call out.

"Hold up, guys. Y'all hear that?"

He got a muddled responses of "hear what?", "what dawg?" And "word!", instead of silence.

"Sush,bros!" He whsipered it so they followed, even getting ready to aggressively dance as they heard a twig snap and Gergy C. Turned his attention to the bush with the look of a curious puppy. When it stepped forward, the brothers found themselves unable to dance at the thing that was so small and cute.

"Awww, girl!" Leggy P. Smiled and came forward to the spotted little brown thing. "Looks like one ah those kittens Mabel-girl told us about, dawgs." He explained bending down to the little fawn. Gergy C., the one in the vest and bare chest, followed after. Followed by Craigy G, Deep Chris, the one in the hat was even tempted to pet it. As he reached out his hand to try, a bigger kitten camw through the woods. She was not happy, you could this unnatural hate in the does eyes as her baby was being touched. Not even posing for her or

singing worked, and dancing as they had before got Deep Chris's hat bitten. So, they did plan B and ran. Some on all fours, some in other strange manners but all five made sure everyone else was with them. They ended up hiding in some brush, white stainted with mud, some stick in hair and a little out of breath. Stomach soon were hungry and Deep Chris had an idea.

"Food was in that fridge Mabel showed up, and other food went into this gray dealies outside. That's gotta be where food comes from, dawgs!...but whose going?"

They looked to one another, hungry and now a bit tired, and in times like these looked to Chubby Z. Who seemed as deep in thought as he could go.

"...Leggy P., you have the legs for it. All the movin' around and dancin'..." the words were old remarks from Mr. Bratzman , before show he always said a few sweet words like that. "Anyone remember where them dealies was though?"

They spent their first night in the brush, sleeping in a pile, hungrier still since Leggy P.'s trip had failed. But they noticed, going to bed by trees, or even Mabel's bus, instead of on the tour bus, their voices weren't as sore and even running from a deer they weren't as wore out. The hunger was similar however. This time though they didnt even have a watee bottle.

End
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